

The Tragedie of Hamlet

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers proue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comers
Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme
honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can
late beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now
time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleu'd me, for vertue cannot so
euocat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sin-
ners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of
such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am
very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck,
then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape,
or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling be-
tweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, belecue none of vs,
goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow-
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape ca-
lumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry,
marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you
make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath gi-
uen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & am-
ble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wan-
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,
I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all
but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!

The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deieft and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee
Th'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.